

**N<sup>o</sup> 1 of the LOVELIEST PAPER in the WORLD**  
**Once Upon a Time**  
EVERY WEDNESDAY 15th FEBRUARY 1969 PRICE 1/3



**ALL IN COLOUR - MAKES LEARNING A JOY**





## To introduce this lovely paper

### Once Upon a Time

From out of the pages of the world's greatest books for children comes this new paper. Here, boys and girls will find old tales re-told in up-to-date style, true facts about well-known people, animals and our whole exciting world at large. There are interesting puzzles and to solve them will amuse and inform the readers at the same time; beautiful illustrations abound.

Of course, a lot of the stories in "Once Upon A Time" are old-told tales. You may ask why they should be re-presented in a modern weekly. The answer is simple. These legends have stood the test of time. The stories they have to tell cannot be surpassed. To be familiar with them is to develop a love of good reading.

I hope that "Once Upon A Time" will please all parents and bring happiness and enjoyment to the hearts of boys and girls everywhere.

Barbara Hayes.  
Editor.

#### OUR COVER PICTURE

Every week there will be a beautiful picture on the cover of "Once Upon A Time." This week's cover has been especially painted for the first number.

A little boy and his sister sit listening to Mummy reading and all the people she is reading about have come to listen, too.

Can you recognise them? They are Cinderella, Ali Baba, Hiawatha the Red Indian, Snow White and her Prince, the Seven Dwarfs and bold Robin Hood who also appears on the Back page.

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## DO YOU KNOW?

Here are some interesting questions and answers for you to enjoy.



This beautiful little kitten loves playing with cotton reels. Do you know that one of the strange things about cats is that they see much better in the darkness than humans? This is because cats have eyes which can pick up tiny amounts of lights which human eyes cannot.



**Who was the world's smallest man?**  
He was probably Jeffery Hudson, a great favourite of King Charles the First of England. He was born exactly 350 years ago and was only eighteen inches high. Once to amuse the King at dinner he was served up inside a pie.



**Why do we call this fruit an orange?**  
Orange trees now grow in many parts of the world but once they grew only in Eastern countries. The Arabs called the fruit "naranj" from which we get the word "orange." The first letter "n" has been dropped.



*And now for the first story in this wonderful new paper. It is the favourite of all favourites:*

# CINDERELLA

*and the Glass Slipper*



**T**HREE hundred years ago at the court of a great King of France called Louis the Fourteenth, there dwelt a clever lawyer named Charles Perrault. He loved children. It was he who obtained permission from the King for children to play in the gardens of the Royal Palace in Paris, the capital city of France.

One day he gave to a printer a book of fairy tales which he said had been written by his son. But everyone believes that he only said this because people might have thought a lawyer who wrote fairy tales must be a silly man. These tales were "Puss-in-Boots" "The Sleeping Beauty" "Hop-o'-my-thumb" and others — amongst them this great and wondrous tale of "Cinderella."





1. Once upon a time a little baby girl was born to a rich man and his lovely wife. Everyone from far and near came to the splendid christening party. But the baby's most important guest was her fairy godmother who laid her hand gently on the baby's head. "You will always be beautiful and kind," she said.



2. When the party was over the fairy godmother left and was never heard of or seen again. Three years passed and then the little girl's mother died. Every day she visited her grave and took a bunch of flowers. The snows of winter fell and spread a soft white covering over the grave.



3. But when the spring-time came and the snow disappeared, the little girl's father married again. His new wife was a stern woman who had two daughters. Now the little girl was very beautiful but her step-sisters were ugly. Soon it became clear that the step-sisters disliked the little girl and unknown to her father, they began to ill-treat her.



4. As they all grew older, the step-sisters became more and more jealous of the little girl. Her father was often away doing business in foreign lands and while he was away the cruel step-mother made the little girl work hard scrubbing floors while her step-sisters laughed and jeered.





5. It happened once that the father was going away on a business trip. "What shall I bring you back?" he asked the children. "Fine clothes," said one step-sister. "A costly necklace," said the other. "The first twig that touches your way home," replied the little girl.



6. The father wondered at his little daughter's strange request and then forgot it. He bought some fine clothes and an expensive necklace for his step-daughters and on his way home as he rode past a hazel tree, a twig nearly knocked off his hat. Then he remembered what his little girl had said.



7. The father broke off the twig and took it home with him. The step-sisters did not even thank him for their presents over which they made merry. But the little girl thanked her father kindly when she was handed the twig. She took it to her mother's grave and planted it there.



8. The years passed by and the hazel twig grew into a lovely tree. As for the little girl she grew into a beautiful young woman. She still visited her mother's grave every morning and every evening she would sit, sad and lonely, in the chimney corner among the ashes. Because of this she was called Cinderella.

Poor Cinderella! Her life has been so unhappy. But next week she hears some exciting news about a great ball to be held by the King.



HOLLAND



INDIA



Every week on these pages  
you will find all sorts of  
Allsorts. Here, this week,  
are all sorts of children.

# BOYS AND GIRLS

These boys and girls are all

SIAM



UNITED STATES



SPAIN



GREENLAND





JAPAN



SCOTLAND



# AROUND THE WORLD

wearing the costumes of their own countries



GREECE



MEXICO



HAWAII



AUSTRIA







Here you can see Brer Rabbit. Behind him are Brer Wolf, Brer Bear, Brer Fox and Brer Terrapin, the friendly tortoise. The stories of Brer Rabbit were written by an American named Joel Chandler Harris. They were supposed to be told by an old American negro servant to a little boy. The negro pronounced the word "Brother" as "Brer." Now you know why the naughtiest rabbit in the world was called

# BRER RABBIT

The stories are now retold especially for you by Barbara Hayes.

**W**ELL, I expect all you children have heard tell about that naughty scamp Brer Rabbit. He wasn't the biggest animal in the woodlands. He wasn't the strongest animal in the woodlands, but he surely was the cleverest.

Although wily Brer Fox and fierce Brer Wolf and big, strong Brer Bear tried their best to catch that tricky chap, Brer Rabbit, somehow they never quite managed it. And usually,

as things turned out, they were very sorry, they even *tried*.

Well, one time, whilst Brer Rabbit was going through the woods, he took up walking with Brer Fox; and Brer Fox complained that he was very hungry. Now Brer Rabbit replied that he wasn't feeling that way himself at all, because he had just had a nice meal of white grapes.

Then Brer Rabbit smacked his mouth

and licked his lips right in front of Brer Fox to make him jealous.

So Brer Fox said, "Brer Rabbit, where in the name of goodness are these white grapes? And how is it I've never run across them?" he asked.

Well, cheeky Brer Rabbit wouldn't give a straight answer to that question. He had already thought of a way to tease and trick his old enemy, Brer Fox.



So Brer Rabbit just said "I don't know the reason why you've never come across the white grapes. I guess some folks are the sort that see white grapes and some folks are just the sort that don't. All I know is that I saw the white grapes and ate them all up on the spot. I ate all there was on the tree. But never mind, Brer Fox, I bet there are lots more of them around somewhere."

At this, Old Brer Fox's mouth began to water and he got very restless.

"Come on, Brer Rabbit. Come and show me where those white grapes grow," said he.

#### Brer Rabbit's trick.

Now Brer Rabbit didn't mean to show Brer Fox where the white grapes grew, because he wanted to eat all the white grapes himself. But he did want to play a trick on Brer Fox, so he led him through the forest until they came to a tall walnut tree covered in walnuts that were not yet ripe.

And just in case you don't know, let me tell you, that unripe walnuts are not at all nice to eat.

"Well, here we are, Brer Fox," smiled Brer Rabbit, pointing up at the tree.

Brer Fox looked astonished.

"Are they white grapes? They look mighty funny white grapes to me!" he said.

Brer Rabbit yawned and said "Well, there they are. Maybe they aren't as ripe as those I had for my breakfast, but they're white grapes, sure as you're born."

So Brer Fox asked "How am I going to get them?"

And this was where Brer Rabbit's trick started to work. He helped Brer Fox, by giving him a real big push, up into the branches of the tree. You can be sure that Brer Fox could never have got up there without the help of that rascal Brer Rabbit.

So Brer Fox scrambled up into the branches of the tree and he stretched out his paw and took an unripe walnut and crunched it up in one big bite.

"OOOOOOOW!" That walnut was so hard and prickly that Brer Fox shouted "OOOOOOOW!" until he nearly fell out of the tree.

That naughty Brer Rabbit pretended he was coughing to hide how much he was laughing, the scamp.

Then Brer Rabbit called out "Come down, Brer Fox! Those grapes can't be ripe. Let's go somewhere else."

And this was where the second part of Brer Rabbit's trick started to work.

When Brer Fox tried to get down from the branches of the tree he couldn't. The branches were too high off the ground, ember he had only got up with the help of Brer Rabbit.

So tricky old Brer Rabbit went and stood near the tree he said, "If you'll take a jump this way, Brer Fox, I'll catch you."

Well, Brer Fox sat there on the lowest branches looking at, so Brer Rabbit went closer and he said, "Jump right here, Brer Fox, and I'll catch you."

At last Brer Fox plucked up the courage to jump, but as he jumped Brer Rabbit stepped out of the way and Fox hit the ground with a mighty THUMP!

"Oh! Excuse me, Brer Fox. I'm sorry. I tripped over a rock," said Brer Rabbit, pretending to be sorry. But really he stepped out of the way on purpose. He certainly was a sly chap, wasn't he?

Brer Fox was now very cross and if he had been able to catch Brer Rabbit, goodness knows what he would have done. The fall had knocked the breath right out of Brer Fox and Brer Rabbit just picked up his heels and ran away before Brer Fox had even picked himself up.

All Brer Fox heard was the sound of Brer Rabbit's footsteps from the other side of the hill.

And do you know, to this day if you whisper "White grapes" into Brer Fox's ear, he roars with rage. Now you know why.

There will be more fun with Brer Rabbit next week.





This lovely story is also a memory test. When you have read it, turn to page 16 and have fun trying to answer the questions about it.



## THE MUSIC OF MARIO

ONCE upon a time there was a little boy who loved music. His name was Mario and he always wore a blue velvet coat. He learned to play the mandolin and always he played in his lovely garden amid the bright sunshine.

But as he grew older and gave concerts, he had to play in large halls and the homes of rich people. Oh, how he longed to play in the open air and the bright sunshine again.

The music of Mario became sadder and sadder.

Then one of his friends who lived in the sunny south of Italy asked him to come and play at his wedding.

Mario had never been to South Italy before. He took a coach and travelled for six days.

At last he came to a sunny golden land and at once he felt happy. All the lovely birds sang sweet songs and everybody was merry and gay.

After his friend was married, Mario sat on the steps of an old temple in the wonderful sunshine and played his music.

Now the tunes he played were lilting and full of fun. All the wedding guests came running to listen to the young man in the blue coat.

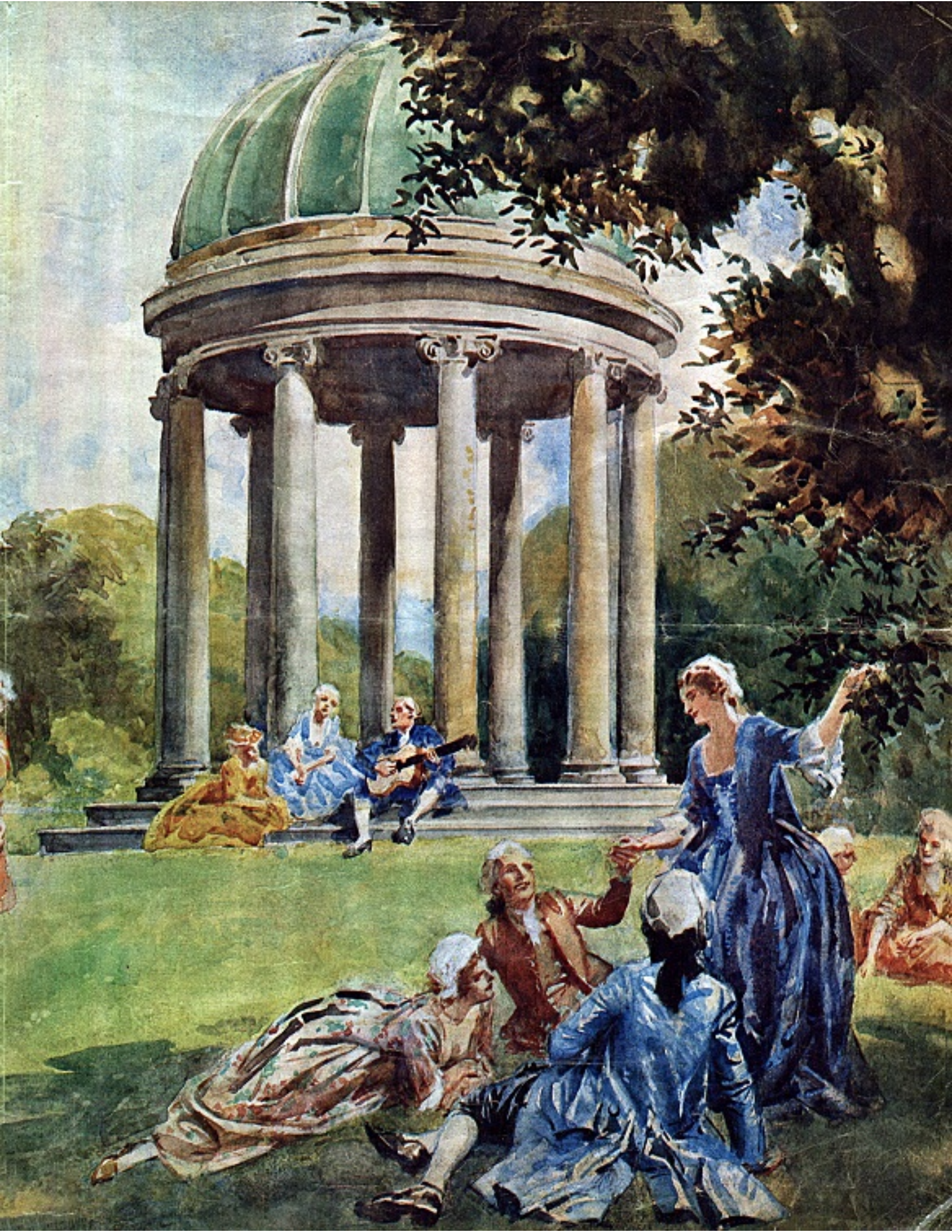
Mario was so happy he decided to stay in the golden southland forever; and he lived happily ever after.

Someday, perhaps, you too will go to sunny Italy. There, even today, people stop and listen when they hear the beautiful music of the mandolin.

"Is that Mario playing?" they always ask.









There is a famous collection of stories called "The Arabian Nights." They were written in countries as far apart as Egypt and India from five to seven hundred years ago. Everybody has heard of Sinbad the Sailor and Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves. Their stories appear in "The Arabian Nights," as does the amazing tale of

# ALADDIN

## *and the wonderful lamp*

1. Once upon a time there lived a boy named Aladdin. His father, who was then dead, had been a tailor. Since his father had died, life had been very hard for Aladdin and his mother. One day Aladdin was out looking for work when a tall stranger stopped him. "Who are you, my lad?" asked the stranger and when Aladdin replied "I am Aladdin, the son of Mustapha the tailor," the stranger patted him fondly on the head.



2. "I thought so. I am your uncle," said the stranger. "Now run home and tell your mother I am coming to visit her." Aladdin's mother was very surprised when he told her about the stranger because she did not know her husband had had a brother. She was even more surprised when, after preparing a poor meal, the uncle appeared with a servant carrying a tray of rich food and fruit.



3. "Where is my brother Mustapha?" asked the stranger. "Alas, he died two years ago," replied Aladdin's mother. At these words, tears rolled down the stranger's cheeks and kneeling, he kissed the place where Mustapha used to sit. "I have been out of the country for forty years," explained the stranger. "That is why you have never heard of me before."





4. "Now let us eat," smiled the stranger and Aladdin and his mother sat down to a meal such as they had never eaten before. "You cannot go on living so poorly," said the uncle. "I will see to it that you are rich and live happily forever." When he heard this, Aladdin took an extra big bite of his melon.



5. Later, the uncle took Aladdin out with him. He was very kind and charming. He bought Aladdin a new suit of clothes and showed him around the city. Pointing to a splendid house, he said "You, too, shall have a house like that, if you do as I say. He smiled strangely at Aladdin as he said this.



6. The next day the uncle arrived at Aladdin's house with two magnificent horses. "May Aladdin come for a ride with me?" he asked Aladdin's mother. "Of course," she smiled and away went Aladdin with his uncle. As they rode, the uncle told Aladdin wonderful stories of his past life.



7. But he did not tell Aladdin that in fact he was not his uncle but a wicked magician. They came at last to some mountains. There they dismounted and the magician built a fire. On to it he threw a powder and at once the ground began to tremble and crack.

Little does Aladdin know that the wicked magician is using him for his own evil ends. You can read more about Aladdin next week.





## Beautiful Paintings

This is one of the loveliest and most famous paintings in the world. It is called "The Blue Boy" and it was painted by an artist named Thomas Gainsborough who lived two hundred years ago. The boy he painted was Jonathan Buttall who was the son of a London ironmonger. The painting is now in America. (Reproduced from a print supplied by Pallis Gallery Ltd London W1)

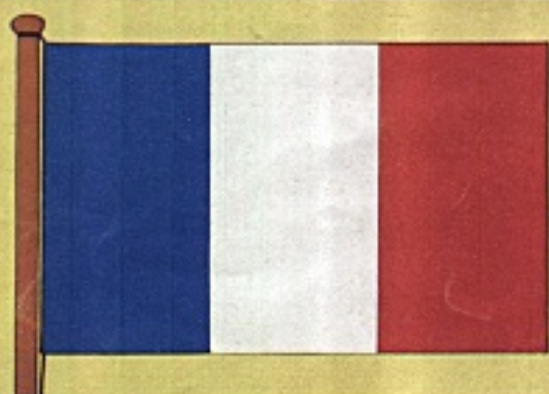
Every week in "Once Upon A Time" there will be a lovely picture for you to collect. Perhaps you would like to stick each one in your scrapbook.



# A PUZZLE FOR YOU

Have you ever been on holiday with your Mummy and Daddy to another country? Lots of people like going to the country of France. In the South of France the summers are always hot and sunny. The most important city in France is called Paris. Other

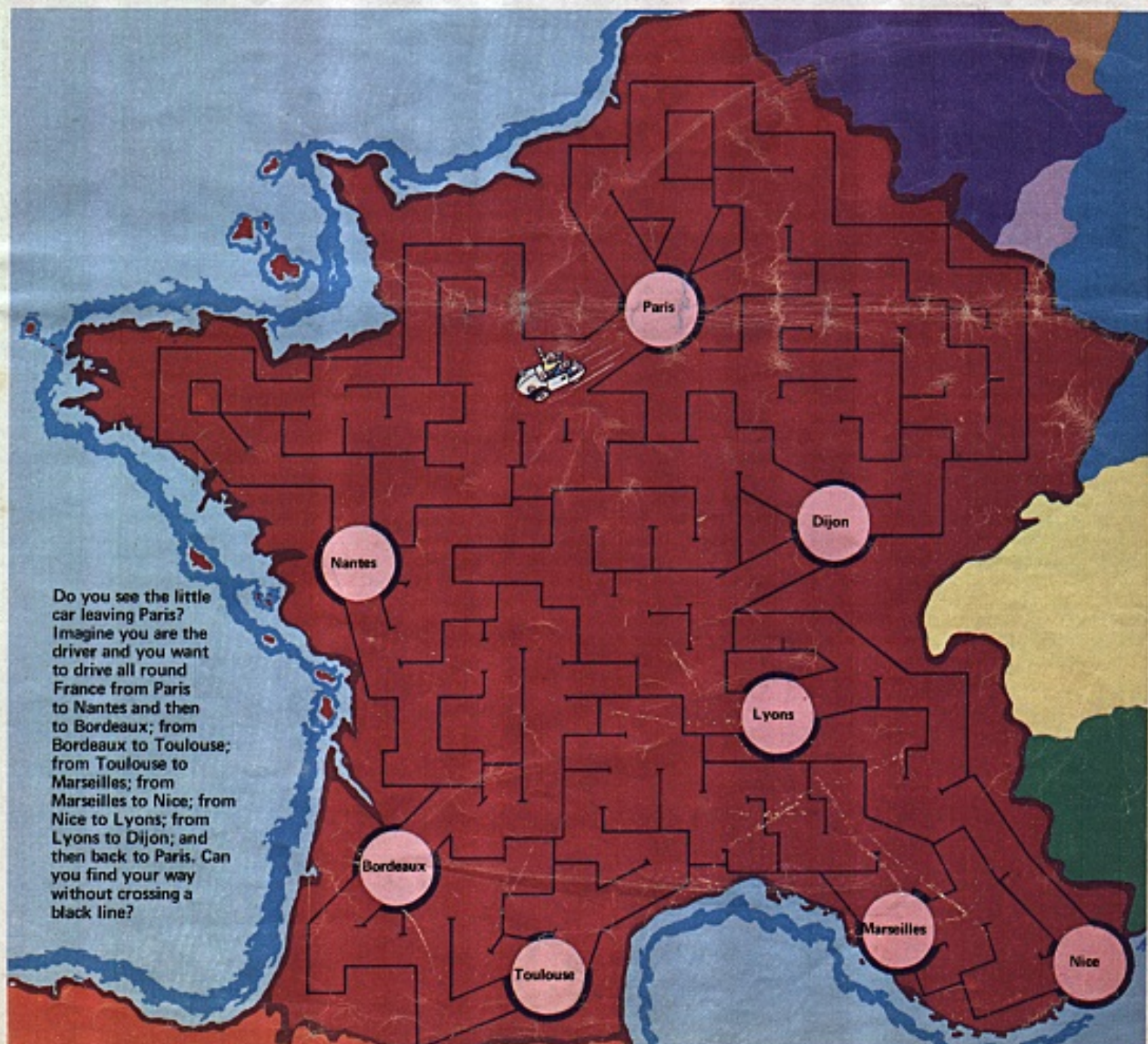
important cities are Nantes (pronounced "Nant") Bordeaux (pronounced "Bordo") Toulouse (pronounced "Toolooz") Marseilles (pronounced "Marsay") Nice (pronounced "Neece") Lyons (pronounced "Lee-on") and Dijon (pronounced "Dee-jon").



This is the flag of France.



This map shows you France's place in the continent of Europe.



Do you see the little car leaving Paris? Imagine you are the driver and you want to drive all round France from Paris to Nantes and then to Bordeaux; from Bordeaux to Toulouse; from Toulouse to Marseilles; from Marseilles to Nice; from Nice to Lyons; from Lyons to Dijon; and then back to Paris. Can you find your way without crossing a black line?





A note on this tale by the editor, Barbara Hayes.

The story of the town mouse and the country mouse is not new. It has been told for many hundreds of years. Children who live in the town have laughed at the way the country mouse who comes to town cannot keep up with the quickly-moving life. And children who live in the country have laughed at the way the town mouse comes to the country and is caught out by seemingly sleepy ways.

It seems that Horace the Roman Poet first told the story two thousand years ago. Then a Scottish Poet called Robert Henryson re-told the story four hundred years ago, calling the mice Burgess Mous and Uplandis Mous. But of course the language of those days is rather difficult for us to understand now, so I am going to tell you my modern story of the town mouse and the country mouse and I do hope you like it.

# The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse

This week you can read about Winifred, the mouse from the country.

ONCE upon a time there were two mice. They were cousins. One lived in the town and one lived in the country. The picture opposite is of the mouse who lived in the country. Her name was Winifred. All her friends called her Winnie for short.

Now Winnie was a simple little mouse. She had made herself a nice little cottage from an old box, as you can see in the picture, and she lived there happily, keeping her home clean and washing her clothes in the stream. She found her food amongst the fields and the farmers' barns and she chatted with her friends whenever they passed and she had a nice cosy life.

Now Winnie had a lot of friends, partly because she was so nice and partly because she was such a good cook. People knew that if they called to see Winnie, they would be offered freshly cooked cakes, made of real butter and eggs – not cakes from the shops made with imitation butter and powdered eggs and skimmed milk.

Winnie's cakes were never burnt and the

icing on the iced buns was always soft and snow-white and when she made doughnuts, she always filled them with home-made strawberry jam thick with strawberries. I'm sure you would have liked eating Winnie's cakes, wouldn't you?

Now Winnie's special friend was her boy-friend called Bertie. At least Bertie was his nickname. It was short for something – Herbert, Albert, Cuthbert or something like that. No one really seemed to remember. Bertie was just Bertie to everyone who knew him.

Now there was one thing that Bertie had always wanted. And that thing was a bicycle. Well, one day Bertie was lucky and he got his bicycle. It wasn't a new one, of course Bertie couldn't afford that. But it had two wheels and a comfy saddle and it worked beautifully. Actually it had belonged to the postman and when the Post Office had bought him a new bicycle, the postman had given his old bicycle to Bertie.

Well, of course, the first thing Bertie

wanted to do with the bicycle was to take it round to show Winnie.

If you look at the big picture, you can see Bertie riding up and waving his hat to Winnie. "Hallo, Winnie my love," called out Bertie, "how do you like my bicycle?"

"It's lovely!" gasped Winnie. "How did you get it?"

So Bertie told Winnie all about getting the bicycle from the postman. And Winnie told Bertie that she had just made an extra nice chocolate cake.

"Come inside and we will have a piece of chocolate cake to celebrate your getting your bicycle," she said.

And when they had each eaten a nice big piece of cake, Winnie wrapped up a slice of cake in a paper serviette and gave it to Bertie to take to the postman as a present.

"Isn't life nice here in the country?" smiled Winnie.

Next week you will meet the mouse who lived in the town.



Now here are the questions about "The Music of Mario" on the centre pages. Try to answer the questions without looking at the story again.

1. What was the little boy's name?
2. What was the colour of his coat?
3. On what musical instrument did he play his music?
4. Why did he go to South Italy?
5. How long did it take him to get there?

Can you answer all the questions? When you have finished trying, you can re-read the story to see how many you have right.









Out of the fair land of Italy, from the pen of a man named Carlo Lorenzini came one of the greatest children's stories of all time. Carlo Lorenzini wrote under the name of C. Collodi and his book was called

# PINOCCHIO

The story of a mischievous wooden puppet.

**T**HERE was once upon a time a piece of wood.

No-one knows how it came about, but the fact is, that one fine day this piece of wood was lying in the shop of an old carpenter of the name of Master Antonio. He was, however, called by everybody Master Cherry, on account of the end of his nose, which was always as red and polished as a ripe cherry.

No sooner had Master Cherry set eyes on the piece of wood than he said softly:

"This wood has come at the right moment. It will just do to make the leg of a little table.

Having said this he immediately took a sharp axe with which to remove the bark. Just, however, as he was going to give the first stroke he heard a very small voice saying imploringly, "Do not strike me!"

Picture to yourselves the astonishment of good old Master Cherry!

He turned his terrified eyes all round the room to try and discover where the little voice could possibly have come from, but he saw nobody!

So taking up the axe he struck a tremendous blow on the piece of wood.

"Oh! oh! you have hurt me!" cried the same little voice dolefully.

This time Master Cherry's eyes started out of his head with fright. As soon as he had recovered the use of his speech, he began to say, trembling with fear:

"Is it possible that this piece of wood can have learnt to cry and to weep like a child? I cannot believe it. How then? If anyone is hidden inside, so much the worse for him."

So saying, he seized the poor piece of

wood and commenced beating it without mercy against the walls of the room.

Then he stopped to listen if he could hear any little voice crying. He waited two minutes — nothing; five minutes — nothing; ten minutes — still nothing!

"I see how it is," he then said, forcing himself to laugh, "evidently the little voice that said 'Oh! oh!' was all my imagination! Let us set to work again."

But as, all the same, he was in a great fright he tried to sing to give himself a little courage.

Putting the axe aside, he took the plane to plane and polish the bit of wood; but whilst he was running it up and down he heard the same little voice say, laughing:

"Have done! you are tickling me all over!"

This time poor Master Cherry fell down as if he had been struck by lightning. When he



at last opened his eyes he found himself seated on the floor.

His face was quite changed, even the end of his nose, instead of being red, as it was nearly always, had become blue from fright.

#### Geppetto makes a wonderful puppet.

At that moment some one knocked at the door.

"Come in," said the carpenter, without having the strength to rise to his feet.

A lively little old man immediately walked into the shop. His name was Geppetto, but the boys of the neighbourhood called him by the nickname of Pudding, because his yellow wig resembled a pudding made of Indian corn.

"What has brought you to me, neighbour Geppetto?" asked Master Cherry.

"My legs. But to say the truth, Master Cherry, I am come to ask a favour of you."

"Let us hear it."

"I thought I would make a beautiful wooden puppet that should know how to dance, and to leap like an acrobat. With this puppet I would travel about the world to earn a piece of bread and a glass of wine. What do you think of it?"

"Bravo, Pudding!" exclaimed the same little voice, and it was impossible to say where it came from.

Hearing himself called Pudding, Geppetto turned to the carpenter and said in a fury:

"Why do you insult me?"

"Who insults you?"

"You called me Pudding! . . ."

"It was not I!"

"Would you have it, then, that it was I? It was you, I say!"

"No!"

"Yes!"

And becoming more and more angry, from words they came to blows.

When the fight was over the two old men shook hands, and swore that they would remain friends to the end of their lives.

"Well then, neighbour Geppetto," said the carpenter, "what is the favour that you wish of me?"

"I want a little wood to make my puppet; will you give me some?"

Master Cherry was delighted, and he went to the bench and fetched the piece of wood that had caused him so much fear. But just as he was going to give it to his friend, the piece of wood gave a shake, and wriggling violently out of his hands struck with all its force against the shins of poor Geppetto.

"Ah! is that the polite way in which you make your presents, Master Cherry? You have almost lamed me! . . ."

"The wood is entirely to blame! . . ."

"I know that it was the wood; but it was you that hit my legs with it! . . ."

"Geppetto, don't insult me or I will call you Pudding! . . ."

"Ass!"

"Pudding!"

Geppetto, blind with rage, fell upon the carpenter and they fought desperately.

When the battle was over, they again shook hands, and swore to remain good friends for the rest of their lives.



Geppetto carried off his fine piece of wood and, thanking Master Cherry, returned limping to his house.

Geppetto lived in a small ground-floor room that was only lighted from the staircase. The furniture could not have been simpler, — a bad chair, a poor bed, and a broken-down table.

As soon as he reached home Geppetto took his tools and set to work to cut out and model his puppet.

"What name shall I give him?" he said to himself; "I think I will call him Pinocchio. It is a name that will bring him luck. I once knew a whole family called Pinocchio and all of them did well."

Having found a name for his puppet, he began to work in good earnest, and he first made his hair, then his forehead, and then his eyes.

The eyes being finished, imagine his astonishment when he noticed that they looked fixedly at him.

Geppetto seeing himself stared at by those two wooden eyes said in an angry voice:

"Wicked wooden eyes, why do you look at me?"

No one answered.

He then started to carve the nose, then the chin, then the throat, then the shoulders, the body the arms and the hands.

The hands were scarcely finished when Geppetto felt his wig snatched from his head. He turned round, and what did he see? He saw his yellow wig in the puppet's hand.

"Pinocchio! . . . Give me back my wig at once!"

But Pinocchio, instead of returning it, put it on his own head, and was nearly smothered under it.

Geppetto at this rude behaviour felt sadder than he had ever been in his life before; and turning to Pinocchio he said to him:

"You young rascal! You are not yet completed, and you are already beginning to show no respect to your father! That is bad, my boy, very bad!"

And he dried a tear.

The legs and the feet remained to be done.

When Geppetto had finished the feet he received a kick on the point of his nose.

"I deserve it!" he said to himself; "I should have been ready for it! Now it is too late!"

He then took the puppet under the arms and placed him on the floor to teach him to walk.

Pinocchio's legs were stiff and he could not move, but Geppetto led him by the hand and showed him how to put one foot before the other.


Soon, Pinocchio began to walk by himself and to run about the room; until, having gone out of the house door, he jumped into the street and escaped.

Poor Geppetto rushed after him but was not able to overtake him, for that rascal Pinocchio leapt in front of him like a hare.


"Stop him! stop him!" shouted Geppetto; but the people in the street, seeing a wooden puppet running like a racehorse, stood still in astonishment to look at it, and laughed, and laughed, and laughed.

So Pinocchio has escaped and his adventures begin.



A painting of Robin Hood in a red cap and tunic, sitting in a large tree and blowing a horn. In the background, several other figures are visible in a forest setting.

For hundreds of years songs and stories have been written about the brave outlaw, Robin Hood, who fought against every form of injustice. But it is not known if he ever really lived. Yet he still remains a heroic figure to us all because he fought for the rights of ordinary people. Such heroes have lived in every land, in every age.


A painting of a young girl with blonde hair, wearing a white dress with a red bow and a red necklace, sitting and reading a book.

Perhaps you have seen a coral necklace such as the girl is wearing in this picture. Coral is made up of the skeletons of millions of little creatures called polyps which across hundreds of years, have formed a solid mass.


Here every  
week you will be able to  
read these

## STRANGE BUT TRUE

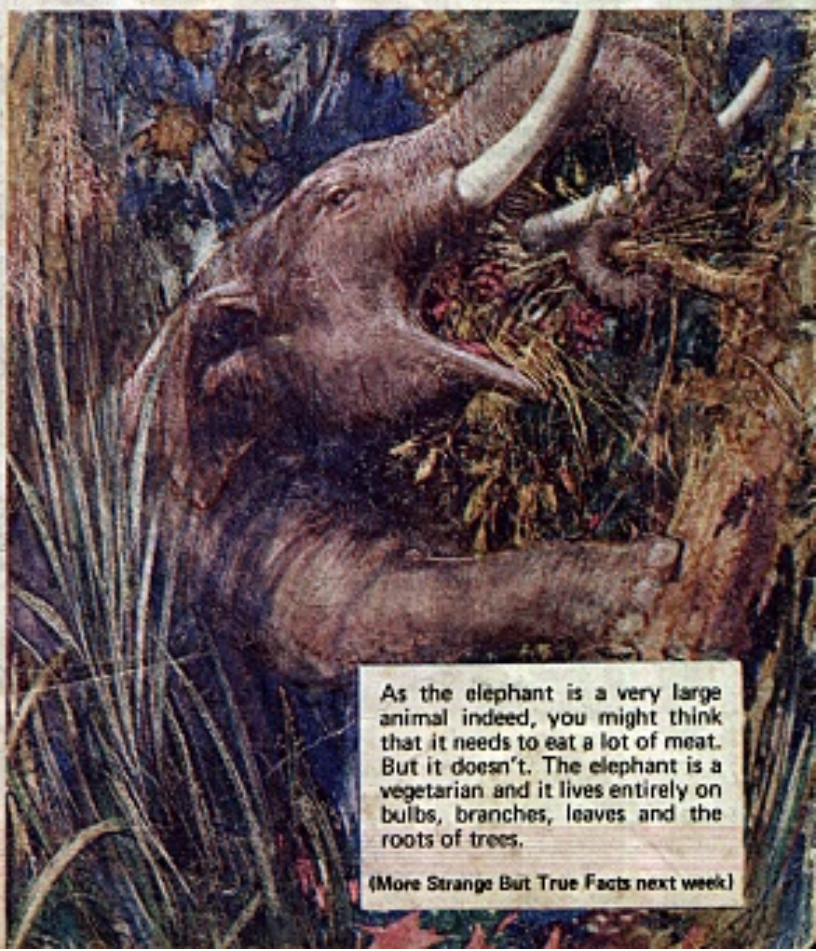
facts which have been gathered  
for you from all over  
the world.

A painting of a chameleon perched on a tree branch, its body blending into the bark.

The chameleon is a very strange animal indeed because it can change its colour to match its background. This is Nature's protection for this little animal.

A painting of a massive Sequoia tree trunk. At its base, a path leads into a dark opening, with two people on horseback riding away.

There are some trees that have lived for more than three thousand years. They are known as Sequoia trees and are found in Canada and in California in the United States of America. They are named after a Red Indian chief of that name, who invented a very simple alphabet for little Indian children. One of these trees is so big that a road has been cut through its base.

A painting of an elephant in a forest, using its trunk to pull and eat from a large pile of branches and leaves.

As the elephant is a very large animal indeed, you might think that it needs to eat a lot of meat. But it doesn't. The elephant is a vegetarian and it lives entirely on bulbs, branches, leaves and the roots of trees.

(More Strange But True Facts next week)